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LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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Superfluous Devices.

Who but a man bereft of sense would think
To prop the sky, and thus prevent its fall?
Or stop Niagara at its very brink
By the creation of a mud-built wall?
Or stretch a chain across the boisterous sea,
To force it into slumberous repose?
Or regulate the law of gravity,
Lest chaos came all order to foreclose?
And who but one demented will contend
That truth, unaided by external force,
Successfully her cause cannot defend,
But must to carnal weapons have recourse?
That in religion, reason is no guide?
That Liberty to License is allied?

—*W. L. Garrison.*

Popular Follies and Crimes.

BY JAMES S. DENSON.

A few weeks ago the moralists in a section of the oil fields of West Virginia did some very effective proselyting. They set fire to a "disorderly" house and burned two girls to death, and to a "speak-easy" and cremated two men. It is almost as fearful a thing to fall into the hands of really good people as into the clutches of Yahveh. By the way, why do Christians *never* "return good for evil," and why do they generally give more evil than they have received? Persistently disobeying every precept of their "master," how can they have the effrontery to call themselves "Christ-ians"?

* * *

How fragile is the partition between morality and immorality! A number of the Methodist ministers of Camden appeared before the New Jersey legislature and lobbied against the proposed law requiring the taking out of licenses by those intending to marry. The ministers said that many poor people would prefer to live together without being married to going to the county seat and paying for a license. It seems to me that the marriage moralists of the past have not made a very deep impression in the brain and conscience of mankind if many Christians are willing to let fifty cents or one dollar stand between each of them and an "honest marriage" and the "heaven" which is promised to the "good" as their future home.

* * *

"The penalty of sin—brother and seducer kill each other and the girl goes mad." This is the heading of the newspaper report of a Florida occurrence. There is nothing to show that the girl was an unwilling participant in the "seduction." So the "sin" is in the ill-regulated imagination of the reporter, not in the love relation itself. There is one feature of this tragedy that somewhat relieves its horror—the murderous brother was killed; he does not survive to be pointed at by admiring fools as a hero of assassination. If it could only be certain that the invader would always fall with his victim invasion would soon be reduced to a minimum. It is not future punishment, in this world or some dreamed-of one, that acts as a deterrent to crime, but the certainty that the act of invasion is suicidal.

Rev. E. J. Oldknow Millington, of Newark, N. J., has been very active in that town in the attempt to suppress liquor selling, regulate art, and supervise the newspaper press. A few weeks ago he left his family and eloped to Montreal with a Mrs. Dickerson. After they had been in the Canadian city for some time it became known that they were together and they returned to Newark. They separately met committees of the Fairmount Baptist Church, of which he was the pastor and she a prominent member, went through the repentance act, bewailed their "sin," and were dropped from the rolls of the church. It is perhaps not strange that a chronic meddler, who could not keep his nose out of the business of other people, should meekly put himself into position to receive the contemptuous kicks of his intrusive parishioners. Utter lack of dignity is the most salient characteristic of the hypocritical moralist.

A Glimpse of the Old Order.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

At last the time has come when we who have protested against enforced motherhood must give up the fight and cheerfully admit that there can be none but willing mothers. The impossibility of the existence of any other kind has been demonstrated by a Chicago reporter. This veracious youth has discovered a woman, the mother of fourteen children, whose highest ambition is to bear seven more children that she may equal the record of her husband's first wife, and make him the "happy" father of forty-two children.

This interesting family was brought to the notice of the reporter and the public by the advent, on April 27, of the father's thirty-fifth child. The parents are Russian Jews. The man and his first wife were married when each was twenty years of age. The first child was born in 1852, and a child each succeeding year, with one exception, until 1873. Then his wife, having performed her "duty to society," died, and, it is to be hoped, found rest in the place where there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

"Isaac mourned for her four years," we are informed by the reporter, "and then he married Sarah Gluck." They came to Chicago six years ago. One of the children was born on shipboard—there was no time to be lost in their task of populating the earth. Isaac is a tinsmith; "the workshop occupies the front part of the basement, which also serves for a dining room and kitchen. Two, small, dingy, untidy rooms in the rear furnish the rapidly growing family with sleeping apartments." The work the father of this family does "furnishes a meager support, for he earns only an average of thirty cents a day."

The mother of this family is very anxious to bear seven more children, as I have previously stated. She said so to her husband, her husband told the interpreter, the interpreter informed the reporter, the reporter gave the statement to the world through the daily paper, which I read and now pass on to the reader of these lines. Therefore the desire of her heart

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cannot be more clear to the eye of omniscience itself than to this reader.

As a student of social problems I felt great interest in this story, and a desire to see the quality of offspring which such conditions produce. And farther than that, I have a warm place in my heart for all little babies. My desire to see that *rara avis*, a woman anxious to endure cold, hunger, the sufferings of gestation and parturition, and willing that innocent little lives should share such hardships, that she might bring as great a number of children as possible into the world, made me resolve to visit her. And my instinctive feeling for the poor little one, thus unpropitiously ushered into existence, caused me to think of little garments made before the birth of my own child, worn by her, and now lying unused, yellowing with years. I have given away some of them, but there are certain unreasoning sentiments which are difficult to outgrow. But I knew that, no matter how much a woman may desire to increase the number of her husband's children, clothing for them cannot be provided in superabundance on an income of thirty cents a day.

Fancy a smoky, murky, dirty street, with electric cars flashing between struggling teams, and with many people on the sidewalks even on a stormy Sunday afternoon. Go with me down a narrow stairway, past two small windows the tops of which are on a level with the sidewalk. The door is opened by a little boy, disclosing to view a small, dark room. An old man sits at a table reading a Hebrew Bible. The reporter described him as "a small man with a grizzled, unkempt beard and straggling locks of hair that fall from a small, greasy skull cap. Whether sleeping or waking he never takes off the cap." A little fellow rolls marbles on the floor, but my interest is centered on the tiny bundle held by a little girl over in the corner by the stove. I tell the girl the object of my visit,—that I want to see the baby, and having had experience know that such new arrivals need plenty of clothes and take the opportunity of placing some of mine where they will do some good. Then the mother enters. She is low in stature. Her face is deathly white, with downward lines from corners of eyes and mouth, but it lights up with a pleasant smile. She looks as though she might be intelligent if she had any opportunity for development. The conversation is necessarily limited to the children and myself, except such remarks as the little girl interprets.

But the baby! Such a tiny, morsel of humanity I never before held in my arms. It seemed of no weight at all, and the skin lay in innumerable wrinkles on the bones of its fragile fingers. It seemed that it would be utterly lost in a dress which was rather small for my child when new-born. But I could not keep my eyes from the face—so thin, that it gave the eyes an unusually large, preternaturally solemn appearance. It stared unseeingly on me, and the cold, which partly obstructed eyes and nose, gave it an expression of pain which made my heart ache.

"The baby will have pretty eyes," I remarked to the girl.

"But it cries so—it don't sleep at night, much, and not in the day unless some one holds it. We haven't any buggy or cradle for it. I hold it on Sundays."

"And on other days——?"

"O, then it must cry."

"Do you go to school?" I asked.

"No; I have not time."

She is fourteen; but in size she does not appear eleven.

"Your mamma looks well, considering her illness, and is up soon."

There is the flash of an indescribable smile as with a slight shrug she responds:

"O, yes,—but she's got to!"

The mother, it seems, did not transmit her reputed intense desire for babies to all her children. A little boy of three years awoke and cried. I tried to make friends with him, telling him of my little girl.

"She loves babies so dearly," I said. "She would be glad to see these."

"He don't like them," replied little Hannah. "He strikes at the baby, and comes around and pokes his fingers in its eyes."

The father of this interesting family is very proud of the number and hopes to increase it to at least forty. The fact that twenty-two are already dead does not in the least discourage him. He smokes his pipe, reads his Bible, and undoubtedly thinks that "The Lord hath taken away."

It must not be forgotten that this child-torture, this child-murder, is both legal and respectable. If any one, however, had told the mother how to prevent the conception of this frail specimen of humanity such information would have been held to be illegal and the one who imparted it would have risked imprisonment. Yet I wonder how many of our law-makers and law-worshipers there are who would be willing to enter life under similar circumstances.

When I came away it was with a heart-sick feeling of helplessness and hopelessness. The room, the people, are photographed in my memory, but more indelibly than any is the face of that tiny baby with its great eyes in which I fancied I could read the question,—WHY? The face followed me, and would not be banished. It fixed itself between me and the speakers at the meeting to which I next went. And that evening, at the home of friends, that little face was with me, and the music and pleasant conversation could not banish it from my mind.

The story of "The Prisoner of Chillon" has caused many tears to flow. But, as a matter of fact, he had only six years of imprisonment to endure, and he was not bringing others into the world to live again his misery.

But, in fancy, just transpose Bonnivard from the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. Bring him from the Castle of Chillon overlooking one of the most beautiful lakes of the world, to a three-celled dungeon under the ground near the Chicago river. Then have him condemned by a special dispensation of Providence to bring a little Bonnivard into existence every year, at the peril of his own life, and add to that the maternal instinct which feels intensified every pain which the child may suffer.

There would then be no tears shed over the fate of Bonnivard. Reporters, in the fullness of their sympathetic hearts, would sketch his "happy family," and press and pulpit would unite in lauding the institutions established and maintained for his protection.

As Some Others See Us.

BY E. C. WALKER.

The opponents of social radicalism are just now helping me to view life on its humorous side. As part of my propagandistic work, I am writing a good many letters to persons who have in some way become imbued with the delusion that they are Freethinkers. As one of the consequences, I am receiving communications that alternately warm the cockles of my heart and send cold shivers chasing one another down my spine. I laugh at the ridiculous spectacles these men are making of themselves, and I am chilled when I remember that they suppose themselves to represent the "advanced thought" of the age, and that their ballots possess the power wielded by those of the same number of clear thinkers and all-around humanitarians. Here is the first sample:

If every person who marries would act as kind to each other all the rest of there existence as they did previous to there marriage The pernicious doctrine of Free Love Would never have been thought of.

That construction is simply awful, but I have managed to rescue from the tangle of words the thought that if men and women never married they would be kind to each other, for it is perfectly plain that persons tied together will irritate and annoy each other, that it is absolutely impossible for them to be as considerate and gentle when bound as when free. Let my correspondent try the experiment with two children that have

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always been the most friendly of playmates; let him tie them together and see how long it will be before they are quarreling and pulling hair. Let him try the experiment with the household cat and dog or with two hitherto peaceable cats. Liberty conduces to harmony; restraint stirs up strife and banishes order. Legal, monogamic, indissoluble marriage is, inherently and always, the enemy of respect, tenderness and self-hood.

Says another gentleman:

There is much need of education on matters you mention, but of a kind that don't take men from their wives and children and send them triangling over the world hunting after damned affinities and winding up with St. Botolph Street tragedies.

The conclusion is a *non sequitur*. If the death together of an unmarried man and an unmarried woman by the accidental inhaling of illuminating gas is to be charged to the account of social freedom, must we not charge to the account of legal marriage the overcoming of two married couples by gas in the same week that witnessed the death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins? The gentleman's logic is enough to make Whately turn in his grave. Should he say that had our friends not been together they would not have died together, I retort that had the husbands and wives mentioned not been together they would not have died together. My assertion is as good as his; both are truisms, and neither has any bearing on the questions at issue between the social radical and the champion of compulsory marriage.

Last but not least comes a far Western scholar with this:

I dont wish to be come A member of anev Free Love outfit I have had two papers of Lucifer sent to me and I do not want anev more and I dont want anev Free Love Books in my way of thinking A man or woman to believe in Free Love they must have A head on their sholders like A road Lizzerd

Only that and nothing more! My friend is not sufficiently clear in his statements. While he says with perfect distinctness that he does not want any free love books of his own way of thinking, he does not specify whether free love books of my way of thinking would be or would not be acceptable. Possibly he can be suited yet in this line of literature, for if his library of free love books is composed of tomes in his own way of thinking and if his way of thinking is as confused as his way of expressing his thoughts, he will be agreeably surprised when he examines free love books of the free lovers' way of thinking—and writing. In all seriousness, no man who is so poorly equipped for investigation can expect to understand the doctrines of social radicalism. Our friend's reference to "*a* man or *a* woman with *a* head on *their* sholders like a road Lizzard," reminds me of a pleasant story of one of the erstwhile prominent Liberal lecturers. The gentleman has long been famous for his gallant championship of the cause so ably espoused by my jester with the president's English. A good many years ago he engaged in a debate with a Christian minister in a small Iowa village. Of course a great many Christians came out to hear their side defended against the assaults of the Infidel. It should be said here, as a statement of fact, that our representative is the possessor of a neck that would be no discredit to a middle-aged and generously nourished Catholic priest. A Christian woman who heard the discussion was asked her opinion of the disputants. Of course she had only words of praise for the minister, but when it came to the Infidel she was not slow to say that, looking upon that neck with the eye of the alert student of character, she believed that its owner would display remarkable earnestness and agility in passing from the ground to a point of observation in the top of a tall tree, provided that a comely woman had preceded him in that direction. Now, I am free to admit, it is not impossible that the Christian lady's remark was inspired by religious prejudice; nevertheless, it is a coincidence worth noting that the Infidel itinerant thus summarily judged is at present camping with virtuous vindictiveness on the trail of the dead and therefore non-resisting Samuel P. Putnam.

Protection against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough; there needs to be protection also against the tyranny of prevailing opinion and feeling.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Currency and Freedom.

BY W. P. BORLAND.

The antiquarian who is contributing a series of alleged "sociologic lessons" to the very interesting columns of Lucifer came nearer to the truth than he has generally been able to get during his very protracted, but entirely harmless, excursions into the realm of sociology, when he declared that prices do not depend on the volume of currency; and I fear the editor of Lucifer is a trifle hasty in asserting that it is "a self-evident proposition that prices *do* depend mainly upon the volume of currency in circulation."

I would like to have this "self-evident" proposition applied to the case of kerosene oil, for instance; to sugar, or to anthracite coal. State if doubling the present volume of money would double the prices of these commodities,—and why? Suppose the present volume of money were reduced one-half, would it inevitably follow that the price of oil would be cut squarely in two? And what is to prevent the Standard Oil Company from charging 50 cents a gallon for oil now instead of the price it does charge? Is it the volume of money in circulation, or is it something else?

There are a great many of these "self-evident" propositions in economics and sociology which have assumed the character of truth merely through force of continued iteration. The believers in true freedom ought not to be deceived concerning the true nature of the propositions; neither ought they to have much difficulty in estimating at its true worth the insipid rehash of ancient economic superstitions which is being presented to them in the columns of Lucifer under the name of "sociologic lessons."

However, the author of these curious "lessons" is right when he declares the prevalent volume theory of money, as taught by Ricardo, Mill, and their long line of illustrous imitators in economic science, a fallacy; but he kicks his fat all in the fire again when he returns to the market value of gold as the regulator of prices. That is merely a restatement of the fallacious volume theory in another form,—the wise author of these alleged "sociologic lessons" ought to be able to see that.

I am a believer in unlimited freedom. I utterly repudiate all government, all artificial, man-made laws. I say, with Burke, "In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, and that I fall out only with the abuse. The thing; *the thing itself is the abuse!*" When I reason on social and economic problems, I try to do so from this standpoint, and in the light of true freedom, as far as I am able. I believe the editor of Lucifer, so far as government and the necessity for full freedom is concerned, holds views similar to my own, if not identical.

Then let him divest his mind of preconceived opinions; let him forget all about the so-called "laws of trade" and all other of the fundamental propositions of the bastard science, misnamed "Political Economy,"—because they all imply both government and private property—and let him take a short mental excursion into the realm of true freedom. When he has done this, I am convinced that he will be able to recognize and classify some facts concerning price which will knock many of his present "self-evident" propositions into a cocked hat.

Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXIX.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY. The law that demand and supply are connected underlies all commercial transactions. No legislation can affect it permanently. If people desire an article which is scarce, the demand being greater than the supply, the price necessarily advances. Any law to the contrary will be evaded. The holders can not be compelled to sell if they do not wish to, and they will not wish to sell unless they can get the increased amount which the scarcity of the article warrants. On the other hand no one can be compelled by law to buy an article he does not want; and the only way articles of which the supply is superabundant can be sold is by a reduction of the price.

This law effectually supplants the principle that has been proposed, "Cost the limit of price;" for if an article has cost more than the market price it can not be sold for its cost; and if it has cost less than the market price the owner will not be willing to lose the difference.

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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E. C. WALKER, *Advertising Manager*, 2089 Madison ave., N. Y.

Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897"?

ANS. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper that has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—
For Reason against Superstition;
For Science against Tradition—
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
For Liberty against Slavery—
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER'S speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each Individual.

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Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 11. Charles Turner Brown will read a paper on "Untrodden Paths in Anthropology."

THE EUROPEAN agency for Lucifer's publications, is at Cranbrook House, High Road, Chiswick, London. Care Arthur Wastall. All orders sent through this agency will receive prompt attention.

☞ IF OUR subscribers would take note of the special offer as given on last page of recent Lucifers, and send us the names of a few of their friends as trial subscribers, thereby securing to themselves some good premium literature, they would confer a favor upon Lucifer and also upon their friends and themselves.

Volume of Currency—Trusts, etc.

Thanking W. P. Borland for his frank and sharp but not unkindly criticism, so far as it refers to myself, and looking over the article criticised I see evidence that it was "hastily" written. The word "currency" should have been defined, since it is used so frequently in more senses than one. Webster's definition, in part, is,

"That which is in circulation, or is given or taken as having value, or as representing property."

Used in this sense currency may include the "Labor Check," issued by the organizations called "Labor Exchange," which certainly does not take the gold dollar as its "basis."

Yes, it is doubtless true that monopolies and trusts, such as Standard Oil, Sugar Trust and Coal Combines, do control prices to an extent unheard-of in *Ante-bellum* days. I should perhaps have said, "leaving out of the problem the baleful influence of modern trusts and combines the volume of currency is the chief factor in determining prices of commodities, or products of labor."

It will doubtless be objected that this is yielding the whole field, since it is easily shown that we have always had with us the great parent trust, the combine of combines, the giant octopus or devil-fish trust, from whose slimy tentacles there is no escaping, viz., the "government" itself!

While this objection voices a tremendous truth it is also true that, in the memory of many of Lucifer's readers, there was a time when this most iniquitous and most powerful of all the trusts that now rob the people—the government itself,—was a very different thing from what it is today. During the years from 1830, we may say, to 1860, the power for evil exercised by governments, state and national, was as a mole hill to a mountain compared to what it now is.

During the great war waged for the inauguration of the reign of plutocracy,—commonly but falsely called the war for the abolition of "slavery"—the powers of government in this country were enormously increased, and with this increase of power came, naturally enough, the abuses of that power. Prominent among these abuses is the formation, the birth and the rapid growth of a vast brood of corporation trusts and combines, children that exercise power for evil second only to that of the parent trust from which they derive their existence. During the decades referred to there was comparatively speaking no monopoly of coal—of oil, of sugar,—and almost no monopoly of machinery or of transportation. And it is of this period I was probably thinking when the paragraph about the currency was written, in my brief reply to the "Sociologic Lesson."

Referring to the reply of H. M. Parkhurst entitled "Restricted Currency," I have room only to say that the principle enunciated in the last line of his brief reply seems to cover the ground. "All the restriction is to protect, first from fraud, and second from robbery."

If this is all the restriction needed then we can have, or should have, free issue and free trade in currency—as in all commodities. Free trade in currency would mean no privileged class of currency. This would abolish "legal tender" as a government monopoly or privilege.

Protecting from "fraud and robbery" would protect against such gigantic frauds and robberies as was perpetrated upon the debt-paying people when their debt was changed from one of "Greenbacks" to one of gold. If it were possible to right any wrong by punishment, what would be the measure of punishment that would fit the perpetrators of this crime of the ages?

The Case of Joseph R. Dunlop.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

Joseph R. Dunlop, editor and publisher of the Chicago "Dispatch," was taken to the Joliet penitentiary Tuesday of last week to serve a term of two years imprisonment. This penalty, together with a fine of $2,000, was imposed upon him for the crime of using the United States mail for the purpose of circulating literature which a jury in the federal court held to be obscene. The literature said to be obscene consisted of different advertisements which were repeatedly published in his newspaper.

As a personal acquaintance and former employe of Mr. Dunlop, I will, at the request of the editor of Lucifer, give a brief and as nearly as possible unbiased account of his record during my acquaintance with him, and my view of his prosecution, conviction and imprisonment.

I first met Mr. Dunlop about nine years ago when he was appointed city editor of the Chicago "Times." This was at the time of the reorganization of that paper, a few years after the death of its owner, Wilbur F. Storey. Subsequently, about six years ago, I became an employe of the Chicago "Times" of which Mr. Dunlop was then managing editor. During two years association with Mr. Dunlop I found him to be very considerate of his subordinates and very devoted to his own duties as the director of the newspaper. While the "Times" was under his control he was so careful of the "tone" of the paper that the use in its columns of such words as "rape," 'seduction," "abortion" and even "criminal assault" were absolutely forbidden. News items, the interest of which was

due to illicit sexual asssociation, were rejected, except in very rare instances where the nature of the facts or the prominence of the persons involved seemed absolutely to demand publication.

After the purchase of the "Times" by the late Carter H. Harrison, father of Chicago's present mayor, Mr. Dunlop became publisher of the Chicago "Mail." He made the paper lively and sensational but did not permit the use of any words in its columns which, to use a conventional phrase, would offend the most fastidious.

About four years ago he started the Chicago "Dispatch" and his policy of puritan exclusiveness in the use of words suddenly changed. From the very start the paper was startling in its sensationalism. Its columns teemed with items of the kind usually found in such papers as the "Police Gazette." Stories of seduction, rape, adultery and so-called crimes against nature were printed with bold and striking headlines. It is true the paper, while publishing these stories, never failed to stigmatise and condemn the actors in these infractions of the code of conventional morality.

The sensational nature of the paper soon gained for it a large sale in the streets. It is also true that the "Dispatch" did a good work by its fearless exposure of frauds and swindles and was the means of forcing the restitution of considerable money to the defrauded victims. The sensational nature of the paper naturally attracted a class of advertisements which were excluded by the other Chicago dailies. This does not refer to the advertisements of "baths," "massage," or medicines for sexual disorders, for many of the other newspapers published such advertisements. The advertisements which were peculiar to the "Dispatch" were generally of a personal nature and were under the classified headings of "Personals," "Furnished Rooms" and "Situations Wanted." I have not a file of the paper at hand to give copies of actual advertisements, but from memory I submit a few written in the same style as many of those which were published in the "Dispatch."

PERSONAL.—A young lady (18) typewriter, employed during the day, would receive a few gentlemen callers in the evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. —— State street.

FURNISHED ROOMS.—A widow living alone has a few handsomely furnished rooms to rent for occasional use. Ladies introduced.

PERSONAL.—The little French lady has opened magnificent bath parlors at — W. Madison street. Special attention paid to idiosyncrasies.

Many of the actual advertisements were even more suggestive than the samples given above. It was impossible for a man or woman of ordinary intelligence to mistake their thinly veiled meaning. And these advertisements were the basis of the indictment of Mr. Dunlop.

Now as to the defense set up by Mr. Dunlop's friends. The contention that he did not know these advertisements were in the paper is obviously untrue and if it were true it is irrelevant. It was his business to know it. It is also obviously untrue that he did not know the meaning of these advertisements. While no obscene word was used it is clear that the whole tone of many of these advertisements clearly brought them in the scope of the term "obscenity" as generally understood and as almost invariably construed by the courts. In my opinion then Mr. Dunlop was technically "guilty as charged in the indictment," and his conviction was in accordance with the evidence.

In extenuation Mr. Dunlop pleads that the publication of these advertisements did good by calling attention to the evils which the community permitted to exist without even attempting to suppress. This plea, if advanced as justification for his conduct, refutes the claims that he did not know the advertisements were in the paper and did not know their meaning. And even admitting it to be true, it would only be another proof of the fact that it is sometimes a penitentiary offense to do good. For instance the great majority of men and women in this country believe the knowledge of harmless methods of prevention of conception is a good thing and yet it is a penitentiary offense to even inform, or offer to inform, any person how conception can be prevented. So Mr. Dunlop's plea, even if true, does not disprove his technical guilt, but merely proves the injustice of the law.

Since his conviction an effort has been made to create the impression that it was due in a great measure to the fact that he published the only daily newspaper in Chicago which championed the cause of free silver. Such an impression is incorrect. He was indicted and convicted before his paper had gained any notoriety as an advocate of free coinage. If the claim were made that the enforcement of his penitentiary sentence was due in part to the political attitude of his paper it would not be incredible. It is possible, and not improbable, that the imprisonment part of his sentence would have been remitted if his attitude toward the other Chicago newspapers had been less defiant.

Now I admit it is my belief that Mr. Dunlop was technically guilty and was legally convicted, but I do not think his punishment is justifiable. I do not mean that there should be made in his favor any discrimination between him, the wealthy publisher of a great newspaper, and the poorest and meanest man convicted on a similar charge. I will not waste space in denouncing the unjust law which has sent to the prison cell so many real public benefactors. Its monstrosity ought to be apparant to every reader of a newspaper. But, even admitting the justice of the law (merely for the sake of argument, for I believe it not only unjust but unconstitutional) the penalty imposed is unjust and against public policy. Even a governmentalist, if he be humane, must admit that punishment is not a just function of government. Penalties for crimes should be for the purpose of either restitution, reform or restraint. Punishment in retaliation is an act of vengeance which should have no place outside of barbarism.

If Mr. Dunlop's alleged crime injured anybody the only restitution he could make was by paying for it. The jurors seemed to take this as part of their view and they assessed against him a fine of $2,000. But in addition to this the penitentiary sentence was imposed. What for? Not for restitution, for the government must pay for his maintenance while he is in prison. Not to reform him, for he discontinued the publication of that class of advertisements as soon as he was indicted. Not to restrain him from again printing such advertisements; for the imposition of the fine convinced him that such publications were unprofitable. The penitentiary sentence then was an act of vengenance and such an act never yet had a good effect on a law-breaker.

The sentence is against public policy because it is an act of vengeance. It is against public policy because it smacks of persecution which is abhorrent to the lovers of personal liberty. Hence it creates disrespect for the law, the courts and the government. It tends to make a martyr of a man upon whom it seeks to heap ignominy, and thereby it defeats its own aim. In fact the imprisonment of Mr. Dunlop will not make him a better citizen; it will not make vice more abhorred and virtue more respected; it will be an expense to the tax-payers for his maintenance while in prison and I can not see that it will benefit anybody, unless it be to gratify the spite of his personal enemies and increase the vindictive joy of the self-constituted regulators of other people's business.

In this connection I would say that Mr. Dunlop declares he submitted copies of his paper to governmental authorities and asked them to pass upon the legality of just such advertisements as those on which his indictment was based. They refused to give an opinion and for more than two years his paper was regularly received at the Chicago post office and transmitted through the mails and no objection was made, although the same kind of advertisements were printed in nearly every issue. This being the case, he was in some degree justifiable in believing he was not violating the postal laws. Further than this he showed his regard for those laws by omitting lottery advertisements from the mail editions of his paper although such advertisements were printed in the editions sold in the streets.

It seems only fair that the publisher of a newspaper should be officially notified that it contains unmailable matter before any steps are taken to indict him or exclude his paper from the

mails. In such a case I believe few editors would be indicted for such offenses. They would, as a rule, eliminate such matter from the paper rather than incur the penalty. So long as the definition of obscenity is left to a jury easily influenced by conventional prejudice and the eloquent indignation of hired attorneys the liberty of the press is a delusion and it becomes a crime to teach even the most important facts of physiology.

"Restricted Currency."

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

I had supposed, until I read friend Harman's remarks in Lucifer, No. 656, that I was arguing for unrestricted currency; but I must admit that I do favor a little restriction, and I will define how much.

1. Any currency, no matter by whom issued, must state on its face, at least by implication, exactly what it represents. A counterfeit coin or bill should not be permitted. And for individuals to issue coins or bills and call them "dollars" would be a lie.

2. No currency should be a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted to be paid in something else.

That is all the restriction that I now think of as necessary. Any one should be allowed to coin money of any kind he pleases, and print bills of any kind he pleases, provided they do not so resemble other coins or bills as to be liable to be mistaken for them, in which case they would be counterfeits. Any one should be allowed to receive such coins or bills in the payment of debts, or for property or services; but to compel him to receive them would be robbery. All the restriction is to protect, first from fraud, and second from robbery.

A Last Word.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Just a little explanation and it shall be my last word, for a long time at least, on this subject of contracepts. In my article in which I speak of Ruedebusch, Harman, et. al. *practicing* continence, I should have said teach men to practice continence. I really meant the sex and not those particular men, and yet I do not believe in continence as a rule any more than I do contracepts. I believe sex-association the natural right of the race, but I have heard men say that with a little care there was no need of a man impregnating a woman. I do not know if this is so, but men have told me so, and what I wished to say was, Throw the responsibility on your own sex, not upon ours. If there must be care upon either side let the men assume it.

By the way, I have a case for Comstock. A lady who bore children oftener than she wished had a husband who was a trance medium—was controlled by a spirit doctor. This lady questioned this spirit doctor as to whether there was no way to avoid becoming pregnant when she did not desire it, and while her husband was thus entranced she received through his lips full instructions which she has carried out successfully. Now what will Comstock do about it? arrest the spirit, the man for what he said when not conscious, the woman for carrying out the instructions received, or all three? I can show him the man and the woman if he will come here, and perhaps he is smart enough to catch the spirit with the help of a few policemen.

HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Thus chatting in a friendly way Alice was endeavoring to array Cora in a pretty gown of soft, clinging, warm-hued material, but the fussy little woman was far too excited to be of any real use, and not until Imelda appeared, already dressed, was her toilet completed. With deft and ready fingers Imelda lent the needed assistence, then selecting some of the bright hued flowers from a vase filled with the various blooms of midsummer, and which was standing upon a small table near one of the open windows, she twined them in the dark chestnut coils, then fastening a bunch at the snowy throat and standing at a distance she measured her sister with a critical and admiring look.

"Now look at yourself. Do you think you would please a fastidious eye?" The vision that met her gaze as she turned to the mirror was a mixture of girlish sweetness and of serious womanly dignity. Returning health and strength were filling the fair form with a roundness and tingeing the serious, half-sad face with exquisite color. Cora passed more than a passing glance at the reflected full-length image, and while she looked the eyes of both fair women in attendance were watching her face, and presently they saw the lips quiver, the eyelids droop and the crystal drops force their way from under them and cling like liquid pearls to the dark lashes. Imelda's face bent over her sister's till it rested on the dark-crowned head. Instinctively she felt what the thoughts were that caused the tears to gather, but she had not one word to say. Cora's well hand went up to Imelda's face and her lips whispered,

"He whom my appearance would please is not here; so what does it so much matter?"

Imelda shook her head and forced a smile to her lips.

"Ah, but, little sister, it does matter. Don't you know that you are to meet someone else tonight that I wish so much to be pleased!" Playfully smiling she lifted the drooping face and looked into the tear-wet eyes. The questioning look in them suddenly gave way to one of understanding.

"I had forgotten that I was of some importance tonight. Yes, you are right. It *does* matter, and I *do* want to please."

Dinner was now announced and the trio descended to the dining room. Here Lawrence Westcot was awaiting them. Imelda had not seen him since the unpleasant meeting with Frank in the garden, and unexpectedly finding herself opposite the dark-eyed passionate man threatened momentarily to disconcert her. A flush mounted to her brow, then receded, leaving it marble white. But quickly regaining her self-possession she saw that no one had noticed anything amiss. Mr. Westcot came forward and in a few well chosen words expressed his pleasure at her return; next he acknowledged the introduction to Cora, for a moment closely studying her face. The dinner came off rather quietly to say nothing of the feeling of restraint felt by all. Alice seemed to have lost the fear that for so long had been a drawback to her full recovery, at least it was not now so apparent, but there was no confidence as yet establishe between herself and Mr. Westcot. They were more like strangers who found the task of getting acquainted a tedious and irksome one. Imelda, with the consciousness that the memories of the past brought her, felt great constraint, and it is not to be wondered at that Cora felt the influence thus brought to bear upon her, and felt quite uncomfortable. The ladies spoke in monosyllables, and although the efforts of Lawrence Westcot to produce something like a flow of conversation, to bring a feeling of harmony to the little company, were almost incessant they fell decidedly flat. So when the meal was brought to a close the feelings that were retained were anything but pleasant. Lawrence made his excuses almost instantly and withdrew, thus clearing the field and leaving the ladies to themselves. They were not slow in taking advantage of the fact that they were alone, and as the husband paced the veranda the voices of the chatting and laughing women came very clearly to his hearing. A bitter smile curved his lips. He felt that he was no longer welcome in his own home. Yet was any one to blame but himself? But what had he done, he asked himself, other than men were wont to do? Nothing! he felt sure. But an inward voice whispered,

"These women are not like other women. You have not understood them, but have taken it for granted that they were the same. When too late you recognized the fact, and all your efforts to set yourself right in your own home have been vain. Yet have these efforts been all they should have been? Have you in reality done all that could be done?"

He leaned against a pillar and gazed into the darkening shadows of the coming night while thought chased thought. Yes! he would make one more effort, for was not the life he was living in his palatial home fast becoming unbearable? While he was dreaming with open eyes a queenly head appeared before him, crowned with a glorious wealth of dark hair. Passionately dark eyes emitted flashes of fire, scornful in their scintillations.

Passing his hand over his eyes with an impatient movement he heaved a weary sigh and in a tone that was almost a moan the words broke from his lips, "Why, O why is this all!"

Just then a step aroused him, and glancing up the friend of other days stood before him. Very seldom indeed had Norman Carlton favored Maplelawn with his presence in these later days. The harmony that had once existed there was broken, though he did not understand why, and in consequence remained away. Westcot had long ago recognized the injustice of the unmanly words he had in a fit of passion hurled at his wife, and if he had needed proof that he was wrong, Carlton's remaining away during the enforced absence of Imelda Ellwood and his sudden reappearance at the very moment of her return, ought to give him that proof. But to do him justice, he no longer needed it, and if he believed he had read correctly a secret page in her life he knew only too well who it was that had digressed farthest from the prescribed line. Norman would have passed him but he laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I understand the attraction," said Westcot, "but no harm will be done if you will give me a half hour first. We have been drifting apart, and I would not have it so. Something has gone out of my life, leaving it empty; and sometimes life itself seems a burden. Will you assist me to make a reparation?"

A look of surprise overspread the face of the young man. Then he hastened to say:

"Certainly I will. Have we not always been fast friends in the past? I have no desire to let a friendship of almost life-long standing die a death so sudden."

"Then come," said Westcot, and together they wended their way down through the grounds, and were soon lost in the shadows. When they returned an hour had passed. Both faces were perhaps a shade paler, a shade more serious, but the old confidence has been restored. What overtures had been made, what words spoken will never perhaps be revealed, but firmly clasping hands Norman spoke:

"You have my advice!"

"And I will follow it!"

"Thank you! You have spoken like a man. Under the circumstances I think it is the only way that is open and I am a poor judge of human nature in general, and of women in particular, if such a proceeding as you now contemplate will not restore peace and confidence to the little circle under your roof."

With a last glance into the eyes of the other he dropped his hand and entered the room where the trio of women were trying to while away the hours that were to bring at least one fair girl's friend and lover. Just as he stepped across the low French window Imelda was running her fingers across the key board of the piano. Cora was standing by her side. Ere he had advanced more than a step a voice of singular sweetness arose and filled the room. In an instant more a second manly face appeared in the frame of the open window. All unconscious of her audience the girl gave full vent in song to the feelings that swelled her breast. The notes rose and fell and vibrated, until the very air seemed to be full of life and feeling. With bated breath the men stood and listened, forgetful of aught else but the rare sweet music of the young pathetic voice; a voice that possessed the power of carrying them away beyond themselves. The song was a translation from the German by Heine —the famous "Lorelei," a selection well calculated to try the strength and compass of the voice that attempts it. Its weird and melancholy pathos moved the inmost hearts of the listeners. As the last vibrant notes died away the sound of applauding hands fell upon the ear, and hastily turning the trio espied the two men, standing just where they had entered. A blush overspread the face of the fair singer. It was the first time that other ears than those of Owen Hunter had listened to the magic sound of that voice when raised in song.

With a quick movement Imelda stepped forward and with outstretched hand greeted the new comer. By the heightened color of her face and the happy light that shone in the lustrous dark eyes Cora quickly judged who it was that so suddenly had stepped into their midst, and in a moment more was bowing in acknowledgment of the introduction which had followed. As she felt the searching glance the clear eyes bent upon her Cora again felt the tell-tale blood mount to her face, but with an effort overcoming the embarrassed feeling she openly returned the look. That which Norman Carlton saw within the depth of the hazel eyes must have been satisfactory for, extending his hand with a firm quick motion he said:

"I am"——pleased, he was going to say but changed it to —"glad to meet Imelda's sister"—emphasizing the "sister." "I hope we may be friends."

"Thank you." Scarcely above a whisper, and with a fluttering breath, the words dropped from the slightly trembling lips, and one felt, rather than heard, the depths of feeling contained in the two little words. In that moment Cora *knew* that she had found another friend. His words were no idle phrase. Imelda also understood, and her heart gave a great bound. Did it not mean much? She took a step backward,—she wanted the two to become better acquainted. Would they have anything to say to each other? A little while she would leave them together. Turning to the side of Alice who was carelessly standing just a little beyond, plucking the scarlet blossoms of a geranium to pieces, while her glance traveled a little nervously to the man who was still standing by the open window. What did it all mean?

For weeks now Mr. Westcot had studiously avoided meeting his wife. His meals were either taken late or away from home, and the drawing room had not once known his presence in all that time. Was the old life about to be taken up again? The white teeth sank into the red lips and a tremor seized and shook her form. She raised her hand in search of a support. Imelda saw her reel, and with a quick movement caught her in her arms. But another also had watched this little by-play, and a few strides brought Lawrence Westcot to the side of the woman he called his wife. Pouring a little ice water from the pitcher that was standing near by he held it to her lips.

"Drink," he said. Quietly obeying she drank a few swallows. Pushing a large easy chair forward in such position as would shield her face from the glaring light of the chandelier, he would have led her to it, but she evaded his hand and managed to reach it unaided. Bending over her he inquired the cause of her sudden indisposition. Nervously she answered:

"Nothing. It is nothing. I will be better in a moment. The coming home of the girls must have excited me. I thought I was stronger than I am." Was it an anxious look he bent upon her? He did not speak, however, and quietly withdrew.

To be continued.

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